

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

LOUIS JAMES--FREDERICK WARDE

AN APPRECIATION

THE young actor of today, trained to wear a dress suit, stick a monocle in his eye and dawdle around the stage with hands in his pockets, occasionally vacuously emits a sneer about the old school actors, seemingly pitying them for the hard work they had to undergo before reaching any degree of eminence in their profession.

Poor little featherbrained boys, whose highest ambitions are to wear swell cut clothes and say "ah-ha" or "yes" with an English drawl, cannot understand why the public will tolerate men whose lives have

masterly Marc Anthony, his authoritative Hamlet, his mercurial Shylock and his handsome Romeo.

The born-and-bred miner of the far western camps eagerly drinking in every word, the thoughtful student of the classics, and the madcap girl of everywhere, are the people to whose diversified tastes Louis James and Frederick Warde cater, and everywhere their names are cherished for the genuine pleasure which their visits to a community afford. Ever ready and obliging, Frederick Warde has lectured to countless young men and women, giving them a broader view of Shakespeare and attesting that their acting is not that of mouthing ranters, but of earnest, brainy men



FREDERICK WARDE
As Pericles in "Alexander the Great."

LOUIS JAMES
As Alexander in "Alexander the Great."

been spent in laborious efforts to attain perfection in an art that is only mastered after a lifetime.

Certain sections of this country want only the silly actors and silly plays that allow a woman to smoke a cigarette or dance on a table in a bachelor's den, but the great American public, the public that upholds the nation, has no time for such trivialities.

Their players are the men who year after year have worked untiringly to reach the highest ideals, whose every action has been that of devotion to art, and whose every action has lent dignity to the profession which they represent. Such men are Louis James and Frederick Warde, pre-eminently America's foremost classical actors, who are now touring this country in elaborate productions of the works of Shakespeare. Their public extends from the frozen plains of Montreal to the sunny groves of Florida, and from the Atlantic seaboard to the giant waters of the Pacific. Their public loves them for their manly stand for the legitimate drama and for their untiring zeal in their efforts to make history's pages team with the glories of the American stage.

Louis James, stalwart and gray, the hero of a thousand, yes, tens of thousands of favorable critical minds, through all the years has remained the ideal Brutus, the merriest Othello, the most noble Virginius, the merriest Falstaff of all Shakespeare's interpreters.

Frederick Warde alone can claim greatness for his

whose minds grasp every meaning and the thickest significance of the immortal words of the Bard of Avon. In them are preserved the most sacred traditions of the American stage, and their success is a splendid manifestation of the appreciation of our people for the highest form of the acted drama.

Who can ever forget James' masterful Brutus, goaded on by the lean and hungry Cassius to murder Caesar? Through it all, James appears the noble Roman, every inch a man. And then witness Warde's friend as the steel of a Damascus blade, seeping for Caesar, stoic enough to avenge his death.

Those pictures are portrayals which will ever live in the memory of whoever has witnessed them. Other characters are theirs, too, to interpret, and well do they perform their difficult duties. Their acting has the virility of full grown manhood, with the tender touches of a maiden's gentle hand and the thoughtful weighing of each situation.

Old school, indeed. Yes, it's the old school, and the only school that can ever claim recognition among those who think. Louis James and Frederick Warde do belong to the old school where worth and merit are the sole considerations to public acclaim, and they continue in their brilliant pathway for many years to shed lustre on this golden epoch of the American stage.

cross-eyed. If I had sold him the first tickets, we wouldn't have had a bit of luck through the whole engagement."

As "The Wizard of Oz" neared the close of its run in New York there were many demands at the box office, and the managers personally, for free tickets. These requests came from all



Inez Forman in "East Lynne" at the Grand.

sorts and conditions of men in the profession, and it became necessary to refuse many of them.

On one occasion Manager Gray was standing in front of the theatre, when he was approached by a seedy looking individual, who explained that he was the manager of a western "road company," and that he wanted a seat for the performance.

"I'm very sorry, but we are all full tonight," replied Mr. Gray.

"Very well," sighed the westerner. "I'll come around some time when you are sober."

Maxine Elliott, at the close of last season, showed an alarming tendency to embonpoint. Realizing that her beautiful Grecian profile would be spoiled forever if she were to develop a double chin, Miss Elliott decided at once to begin a course in physical culture. Lillian Russell, who plays with and skips the rope every day in order to keep within the present confines of her corsets, gave her some points about the physical culture game, which Miss Elliott put into practice at her summer home in Massachusetts. She walked about eight miles every day, spent a couple of hours in the gymnasium with Indian clubs, weight machines, parallel bars and other enemies to corpulence, and then took a horseback ride. She kept this up religiously for several weeks. Of course you expect to be told that as a result of this she has acquired a most sylph-like form. But she didn't do any such thing. Charles Frohman received a dispatch from her husband, Nat C. Goodwin, saying that Miss El-

liott was so ill that she would not be able to continue the rehearsals of her new play. Mr. Frohman was greatly surprised at this, as he had received glowing accounts from her regarding her work, and he remarked this to Mr. Goodwin.

"Yes, but she overtrained," was Mr. Goodwin's reply.

George Ade, whose new comedy drama, "The County Chairman," has made a pronounced success at the Studebaker theatre in Chicago, is an enthusiastic golf player. He has only been at the game two years, but can negotiate the nine hole course in under seventy. His enthusiasm has been somewhat, however, is due to the fact that he was recently hit on the ear by a golf ball and struck twice in the back of the head by a golf club.

Consequence he has been going "round Chicago with his head swathed in bandages. As "The County Chairman" is such a big hit he has little difficulty in explaining to his friends that his banged up appearance is not due to an uprising on the part of the public. As soon as he regains his normal health he will continue his work upon "The Sho-Gun," his new musical play written in collaboration with Gustav Luders, which Henry W. Savage is to produce later on in the season.

Much curiosity has been excited by the title of the new Esmond play, "Fools of Nature," in which C. B. Dillingham is to present Julia Brindley this season. Some light is thrown upon the application of it by this speech of one of the characters.

"Fools of Nature, all the lot of us, even the best; touch us on the raw and what are we?—straws on a current."

And the contention in reply as voiced by the character taken by Miss Marlow: "Fools of Nature! What a cowardly creed! We can control our passions if we like. We can go straight

If we want to. We can rule ourselves, not only for our own sake but for the sake of those around us."

The settlement of the estate of Augustin Daly will provide for distribution among the beneficiaries of a larger sum than was anticipated. The accounts show that, after all claims are met, there will be a balance of \$184,194.

The executors are the widow, Joseph F. Daly, a brother, and Richard Dorney. The settlement of the estate has been delayed because of litigation. The executors have collected \$352,000 and have distributed \$367,392. Litigation in England involved the ownership of the lease of Daly's theatre, in London, of which George Edwards took possession. The suit which was begun to decide the ownership of the lease was not determined until after Mr. Daly's death, but the judgment of the court was in favor of the estate. In this country Ada Rehan's claim for \$50,000 was admitted and paid in full. Since then she has begun action against the estate for the payment of \$5,000, which, she asserts, is due to her for salary between January and May, 1899. The executors dispute her right to this money. The executors announce that the London theatre has been continued at a profit, and that the lease of Mr. Daly's theatre in this city together with the scenery, properties, costumes and furnishings, have been sold to Klaw & Erlanger for \$50,000. Mr. Daly's library, his collection of old prints and manuscripts and personal effects, were sold for \$196,750. Of this \$43,499 was for property that belonged to Mrs. Daly. Another source of revenue since Mr. Daly's death has been from plays owned by him, for which large sums for royalties have been received.

"I'll be done with the show business forever," said Frank James, the former outlaw. James is starting with Cole Younger in a Wild West show.

"I'm going to quit the show business for two reasons," he said. "One is that it's too strenuous a life for an old man like me. The other reason is that I've discovered that I don't want to be rich. All I want now to make me happy is a little farm, a few chickens and a cow. I've made enough money this summer to get that and you'll never see the name of Frank James again on the bill boards with my consent."

"How old are you?" asked a bystander.

"I'm 60."

"You don't look it."

"Well, I feel it. And the fact remains that I am 60. This show business is a fierce game. Two shows a day and each night in a sleeping car is too much for a man of 60. To keep it up I'd need to be as young and strong as I was in civil war times. We will close this season about November 1, somewhere down south, and then I shall go to Kearney, Mo., and spend the winter with my old mother. I intend to buy a little farm and end my days upon it. I've had enough excitement in my time. Hereafter, it will be, 'Frank James, farmer.'"

Forbes Robertson, the English actor who last week made his American debut in "The Light That Failed," has for a long time been a favorite in London. He has been hard-working and sincere, and has given a fair test of his talents by appearing in a great variety of parts.

He tells of one occasion when he was playing in "Hamlet," in Birmingham. "My support was good," said the actor, "but one of the company, a man who took the part of Guildenstern, had been drinking too heavily for a week, and on the night that I am speaking of, his nervousness was so pronounced that he amounted almost to an aberration of the intellect."

"I hated to go on with him, but at the beginning of the tragedy, I confess that he did well enough. Then came the pipe scene. I extended the pipe to Guildenstern, and said:

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"He answered very properly: 'My lord, I cannot.'"

"I said: 'I pray you.'"

"And then, to my horror, Guildenstern took the pipe from my hand, and said: 'My boy, since you insist, I will, but I warn you I'm a poor hand.'"

"And he rattled off a verse of 'God Save the Queen' before we got him off the stage."

Mr. Joseph Jefferson tells of a Colorado woman who presented herself one day at the registration booth of a town in that state for the purpose of qualifying in order that she might cast her vote upon the school question at the next election.

"With what political party do you affiliate?" asked the clerk of the unaccustomed applicant, using the prescribed form.

"The lady blushed and otherwise exhibited some confusion of manner."

"Is it obligatory that I should answer that question?" she inquired.

"Certainly, madam; the law requires it."

"Then," said the woman, "I don't think I care to vote if I must mention the party's name. However, I don't mind saying that he is a candidate for a trusteeship, and one of the nicest men I've ever met."

Jane Oaker, a woman last year for James K. Hackett, has been engaged for the role of Laura Dearborn in "The Pit." Manager Brady had considerable trouble finding a suitable heady lady for "The Pit," but he is to be congratulated upon his final selection.

Maudie Adams has returned to New York and has started rehearsals of her new play, "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

Miss Adams has fully regained her health, and in an interview said that she was once more anxious to get back to work.

Walter Jones tells a story showing the quickness of wit of the late Stuart Robson. According to Mr. Jones, he was playing a small part in an opera in which there was a male chorus of sailors. Mr. Robson happened in one day at the rehearsal, the guest of the manager. The sailor chorus was singing, and at the finale there was a most profound discord, which greatly annoyed the manager, who shouted loudly:

"Hi, there! What's the matter with you tars?"

"Probably the tars didn't get the right pitch," interposed Mr. Robson mildly, and thus were numerous lines averted by the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

Henry E. Dixey has a legion of entertaining stories concerning his many travels. Here is one of them:

"Our steamer from Australia had orders to stop at Fanning's Island and land some supplies for the cable company. It took us about sixty knots out of our course to reach it. And we wasted four hours searching for that little coral strip. Ours was the first steamer that had ever visited the place. It was a real Robinson Crusoe island and half a mile across at the broadest point, with a lagoon in the center. It belongs to a Scotchman named Greig and is under the British flag, of course. Its owner and his three sons live there and employ about thirty blacks, brought from the Gilbert Islands. These and a half-dozen men sent there by the company to receive the cable were the only inhabitants. 'Pretty lonesome here,' I asked one of the Greig boys. 'Oh, not so bad when you get used to it. Besides, we go to 'Frisco when we feel like it,' he replied."

"How often do you get the chance?"

"Well, we can generally figure on a sailing ship coming our way about every six months or so."

"Good fishing here?"

"He smiled at the suggestion. 'Fishing,' he smiled. 'Why don't you go for pleasure down here? The things bite so fast it is hard work.'"

"I watched him curiously and he wasn't giving me in the least; he meant just what he said."

In some respects the humblest actor possibly equals Richard Mansfield. That player was once asked how he spent his summer. "Worrying how I'll spend the winter," was the reply.

The Happy Medium. He works just when the spirit moves. And thus the medium; He can't do otherwise—he's a Materializing medium.

SUNDAY CONCERTS

STANDING ROOM ONLY

GRAND THEATRE



MISS CLARA HANSEN,
Soprano Soloist.

HELD and ZIMMERMAN,
Cornet Soloists.

The Great Maximilian Overture

1812.

A. S. ZIMMERMAN, Manager.

SALT LAKE THEATRE.

October 26 to 30.

With Matinee on Wednesday, Oct. 28.

KLAW & ERLANGER'S

STUPENDOUS PRODUCTION OF GEN. LEW WALLACE'S

BEN HUR

Dramatized by WILLIAM YOUNG. Music by EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

The Most Impressive of all Stage Pageants.

350-Persons in the Production-350

PRICES, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

Seat sale opens Thursday Oct. 22, 10 a. m.

Mail orders will be promptly attended to in the order received when accompanied by remittance. Those wishing tickets mailed must enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply in order to avoid any mistake. Address all communications to Geo. D. Epper, Manager, Salt Lake Theatre.

GRAND THEATRE

JONES & HAMMER, Mgrs.

PRICES: Night, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee, 25c.

Three Nights Beginning Monday Oct. 19 Matinee Wed. 3 p. m.

LINCOLN J. CARTER PRESENTS

THE BIG OVERWHELMING SUCCESS,

DOWN MOBILE

See The old southern mansion, The negro quarters, The river landing, The beautifully weird dismal swamp and the master scene effort of the century, the marvelous fire scene. A vast cotton warehouse is completely destroyed by flames!

SPECIALTIES!

NEXT ATTRACTION—Thursday, Friday and Saturday, matinee Saturday at 2:15 p. m., Miss Inez Forman and Mr. John Dillon in a beautiful production of—

EAST LYNNE.

Seats on sale Tuesday.

THIS WEEK AT THE THEATRES

SALT LAKE THEATRE—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the James-Warde company in "Alexander the Great"; Wednesday matinee and Thursday evening, the James-Warde company in "Julius Caesar."

GRAND—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday matinee, "Down Mobile"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, "East Lynne."

WE are to have at least a temporary respite from musical comedies, for which "heaving" be thanked. Of musical comedies, so far as the Salt Lake theatre was concerned, there seemed to be no end. One after another, good, bad, indifferent and sometimes worse, they are piled in upon us. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that the majority of the musical comedies have been good. Indeed, this is no more than the truth.

But even of good things, if there be a sameness to them, we can have entirely too much. Nicely roasted teal ducks make mighty good eating, but if we had to live on teal ducks for two weeks or even for a year, we would be ill if we so much as heard a duck quack. Therefore, again and altogether, let us raise a joyful paean over the fact that for a couple of weeks or so we will have no musical comedies. The theatre box office will undoubtedly gain largely thereby.

The first four nights and Wednesday matinee at the theatre will be filled by the James-Warde company in "Alexander the Great," and "Julius Caesar." It is almost an absurdity to talk of advertising Morant in Salt Lake as to talk of advertising Frederick Warde and Louis James. For years they have been paying at least annual visits to this city and for years they have drawn tremendous audiences to every performance. That this year will prove no exception to the James-Warde rule is evidenced by the far more than satisfactory sale which began last Friday morning.

It is not too much to say that Salt Lake amateur patrons will have no rarer treat this season than the performance of "Alexander the Great" and "Julius Caesar." The first named play has never been seen here before, and the very good reason that it is in its first season. The eastern company on it has been altogether of a flattering character and the big box office receipts show what the people think of it.

Close attention to detail is one of the successful characteristics of the successful theatrical manager. Rarely, however, do managers go to such lengths as in the case of "Ben Hur," which is probably the biggest attraction of its kind that has ever been seen in the west. Frank F. Young, business manager of "Ben Hur," arrived in Salt Lake Thursday with a carload of machinery and a corps of assistants to get the theatre stage ready for the opening next week. He says the curtain will not go up unless everything is in first-class order and to evidence this particularity told of the opening in South Bend, Ind., some months ago.

At the last moment it was discovered that there was no player in the orchestra. The local leader, knowing the company carries a large orchestra of its own, decided to cut out his flute player. As soon as the omission was noted the manager of the opera house was notified that the curtain would not be raised until the flute man was turned up. There was hurrying and scurrying and expostulations, but the curtain stayed down until the flute player was in his seat in the orchestra. And the flute player is not so awfully important, either, except in the opinion of the management.

A Lincoln J. Carter production, "Down Mobile," is scheduled for the first half of the week at the Grand. The last half will be filled by a revival of the old-time favorite, "East Lynne."

PRESS AGENTS' PROMISE.

"Alexander the Great," the new play in which Louis James and Frederick Warde will appear tomorrow night, Tuesday and Wednesday, is described as a stirring romantic drama with an historical background. Passion, love, intrigue and heroism are its chief ingredients. Its general treatment is that of a dramatic spectacle, it being the aim of Managers Wagenhals & Kemper to enchain the attention of the spectators as much by the grandeur and massive nature of its scenic effects as by the dramatic suspense incident to the plot.

Among the many stage pictures which are said to arouse the wonderment of the audience several have caused exceptional comment. A notable instance seems to be the representation of Alexander's army laying siege to the town of Mulla, the camp being pitched under the tutored walls of the city. All the ancient weapons of warfare are put to practical use, such as battering rams, catapults, war chariots, etc., and the curtain falls upon exciting bombardment. Another scene is that showing the interior of the great Egyptian Temple of Ammon, where the sorceries and frauds which the Egyptian priests practiced on the ignorant and superstitious are humorously exposed. The great scene of the play, however, which is said to be more ingeniously devised than anything attempted in modern stagecraft, is the scene above the clouds where the army gets lost among the crags and treacherous mists of the mountain tops. Here the scenic artist and stage mechanic is said to have been uniquely successful in giving a wonderfully realistic picture of a war of the elements, in which a terrific electric storm is the chief feature.

Over forty people are concerned in the performance, among whom are Mr. Norman Hackett, Miss Margaret Bourne, Wardworth Harris and Thomas Coffin Cooke.

"Julius Caesar," excellently staged and costumed, will be presented Wednesday matinee and Thursday night.

Lincoln J. Carter may well be termed the representative American dramatist. Every play that has come from his pen is American in theme, locale and characterization. No other author has clung so closely to things that are truly American, and no other author has more carefully studied the peculiarities of his countrymen or more faithfully drawn them for stage representation. This is again proven in his latest production, "Down Mobile," which is at the Grand theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and matinee Wednesday at 3 p. m.

A splendid revival of "East Lynne" will be given by Inez Forman and a capable company at the Grand theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. This play has of late years been allowed to lapse into the property of cheap-priced and cheap-talented companies to such an extent that its

dramatic worth and possibilities have been well nigh forgotten. But "East Lynne" was constructed in the old days when the drama was not so varied and possibly not so perverted as today, and the play has many of those elements which entitle it to long life. As presented by Miss Forman, John Dillon and their company it secured new life and promises to be extremely popular.

The following attractions are underlined at the Grand theatre for the next three weeks: Jessie Shirley in complete production of "The New Magdalen," and "Trilby" for one week, beginning Monday, Oct. 26, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees; Frank W. Bacon in "The Hills of California" on Nov. 2, 3 and 4; Lillian Mason in "Sapho" on Nov. 5, 6 and 7.

STORIES ABOUT PLAYERS.

Weber and Fields, with the able assistance of Louis Mann, are credited with some amusing lines in their new skit, which has, as usual, captured New York. The three are on the stage when little Weber asks:

"Are we gentlemen?"

"Yes," replies Fields, "but one of us isn't."

"An idea," says Fields at another time, "is a sort of dream, only we don't wake up."

"An octopus," adds Weber. "Is a man who charges you \$10 and tells you your eyes are bad."

No, no," cries Louis Mann; "an octopus is a piece of the year—Augustus, September, October."

Weber—Why am I an insect?

Fields—Because wherever you are you are a nuisance.

Mann—Is your friend of a suspicious nature?

Fields—Suspicious? Why, he'd even test a golden opportunity with acid.

Weber—When I was young I was stuck on my voice.

Fields—Well, you were stuck bad.

Here's a bit of Fields' philosophy:

"A liar is a man whose inside thinking does not agree with his outside speaking."

Augustus Thomas is fast acquiring the right to be called the made-to-measure dramatic writer. He has always insisted that much of the success of "The Earl of Pawtucket" was due to the fact that he carefully sized Lawrence O'Shea up and then cut the play to fit him. This method has much in it to elicit commendation in these days of misfit and hand-me-down productions, and some stars would do well to hesitate before buying ready-made dramatic clothing. Marie Cahill has been under the Thomas tape for some time, and as soon as the various sections can be put together she will appear in a brand new costume.

A New York newspaper man was the second in line at the box office of one of the popular theatres the other evening on the opening night. The first man asked for four seats, and when he started to pay for them the man in the box office said:

"Oh, that's all right. There's no charge at all for those seats."

The man looked surprised, thanked the ticket manipulator, and went on. Then the newspaper man had his turn, and he said:

"Please satisfy impertinent curiosity and tell me why you wouldn't take that man's money."

"Well," said the treasurer, "I expect you didn't notice that that man was